

# THE UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY"

TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER

THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—Jefferson.

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## POETRY.

### "OVER THE RIVER."

Over the river they beckon to me—  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;  
The gleam of the snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels that met him there;  
The gate of the city we could not see;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried across the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Daring Minnie! I see her yet!

She crossed on her last journey dimpled hands,  
And fearfully entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the strand, and  
All our sunbeams grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the further side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts.

We cross the stream and are gone for aye;  
We may not under the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
We only know as we're life's stormy sea,  
Yet somehow, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

It was many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden lived there whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden, lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child, and I was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
And we loved with a love that was more than love,  
And we loved with a love that was more than love,  
And we loved with a love that was more than love.

And this was the reason that long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My Annael Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came,  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  
Went envying her and me;  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of a cloud, chilling  
And killing my Annael Lee.

But our love, it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we,  
And neither their angels, nor Heaven above,  
Can ever dissolve our soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annael Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me  
Dreams of the beautiful Annael Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I see the bright  
Eyes of the beautiful Annael Lee;  
And so, all the night long, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,<

In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

## THE HAWTHORN AND THE IVY.

BY CHARLES MACRAT.

The Hawthorn bloom'd in the vernal air  
Merry and free the woodbine fair;  
Attired in garments nuptial white,  
She was a glory to the sight;  
Her breath was sweeter than the morn,  
A heartier tree was the wild Hawthorn.

The Ivy roved by her side,  
Wood and vine were her bride;  
She was fair to the eye, but her heart  
Was cold and stern as the winter's part;  
He twined his arms around her waist,  
"Oh, joy!" said he, "that I was born  
To love this beautiful wild Hawthorn."

Alas for this world of grief and pain!  
We'd not maid, but we'd a twin;  
She was tender, mild and true;  
He was selfish, proud and true;  
And waving his leaves to the wind in scorn,  
Of his beautiful, beautiful wild Hawthorn.

She could not drink the dew of shower,  
Or feel the warmth of summer's hour;  
The ivy stole between her heart  
And all the life she takes impart;  
She pined, she sigh'd, she lived forlorn,  
And died in her sorrow—the wild Hawthorn.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Biography published by Childs & Peterson.

### The Youth of Dr. Kane.

He went through the disease and the training of infancy vigorously, having the clear advantages of that energy of nerve and that sort of twill in the muscular texture which give light little fellows more size than they measure, and more weight than they weigh.

His frame was admirably fitted for all manner of athletic exercises, and his impetuosity kept it well up to the limits of its capabilities, daring and doing every thing with the liberality of a child, and with an intent seriousness of desperation, which kept domestic rule upon the stretch, and threatened, as certainly as usual with boys whose only badness is their boldness, to bring down everybody's gray hairs in sorrow, &c. It was not the monkey misanthropy nor the unprincipled recklessness of childhood that he was chargeable with, but something more of the person and tenacity in exacting deference and enforcing equity than is usually allowed to boyhood. To arbitrary authority he was a regular little rebel. There was nothing of passive submission in his temper, and he

did not overlay it with the little hypocrisies of good-boy policy. He was absolutely fearless, and, withal, given to indignation quite up to his own measurement of wrongs and insults, and he had a pair of little fists that worked with the steely power of passion in the administration of distributive justice, which he charged himself with executing at all hazards. In right of primogeniture he was protector to his younger brothers, and was not yet nine years old when he assumed the office with all its duties and dangers.

At school, about this time, with a brother two years younger under his care, the master ordered his protegee up for punishment. Elisha sprang from his seat, and interposed with a manner which had rather more of demand than petition in it, "Don't whip him, he's such a little fellow—whip me!" The master, understanding this to be mutiny, which really was intended for a fair compromise, answered, "I'll whip you too, sir!" Strung for indignance, the sense of injustice changed his mood to defiance, and such fight as he was able to make quickly converted the discipline into a fracas, and Elisha left the school with marks that required explanation.

When he was ten years old, four or five neighbor boys, all bigger than himself, had climbed upon the roof of a back building in his father's yard, were amusing themselves by shooting petty-wads from blow-guns at the girls below. Elisha, attracted to the spot by the outcry of the injured party, promptly undertook the defence, and in the firm tone of a young gentleman offended, required them to descend and leave the premises; but he, of course, was instantly answered by a broadside levelled at himself. Fired at the outburst, he clutched the rope and climbed like a young tiger to the roof, and was among them before they could realize the practicability of the feat; and then he had them, on terms even for a handsome settlement of the case. The roof was steep and dangerous to his cowed antagonists, but safe to his better balance and higher courage, and they were at his mercy; for no one could help another, and he was more than a match for the best of them, in a position where peril of a terrible tumble was among the risks of resistance. Forthwith he went at them *seriatim*, till severely and singly, he had cuffed them to the full measure of their respective deservings. But not satisfied with inflicting punishment, he exacted penitence also, and he proceeded to drag each of them in turn to the edge of the roof, and, holding him there, demanded an explicit apology. Before he had finished putting the whole party through this last form of purgation, little Tom, who had witnessed the performance from the pavement below, greatly terrified by the imminent risk of a fall, which would have broken a neck or two maybe, called out, "Come down, Elisha! oh, Elisha, come down!" Elisha answered the appeal in the spirit of the engagement, and, Tom, they can't do anything yet.

He took no 'sauce' from anybody. He couldn't understand why he should, and it was hard and risky to make him know that he must; for he was equally fertile in offence and bold in execution. On the wharf, one day, when he was not yet twelve years old, an insolent ruffian, big enough and wicked enough to break every bone in the lad's body, aroused his wrath by an intolerable piece of rudeness. Resistance and redress seemed impossible, but submission was completely so. He saw his opportunity, a rope fixed to the end of a crane hung within his reach, and the ruffian dived fairly in the sea. He swam to the end of the rope, and, running backward till it was tightly stretched, he made a bound which gave him the momentum of a sling, and planted his knees like a shot in the fellow's face, leveling him handsomely, and with a spring he put himself under the protection of a bystander, who had witnessed and admired the performance.

So Elisha carried the character of a bad boy, while he was, in fact, exercising and cultivating the spirit of a brave one. Good people, very naturally, did not understand him then—they do now. Elisha never reformed; he just persisted until he performed what was in him to do. The rills, so tortuous and turbulent near the springs, rolled themselves into a river in time, and regular in their rush without losing it. It was said that education forms the common mind; it is more certain that 'as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.' This boy, at least, was the father of the man. It was utterly impossible to fashion his young life by venerating it with the proprieties which are supposed to shape it into goodness. He may not have known what he should be in the future; but he knew what he must be in the present; and he, happily, did not submit himself by forced compliances. Difficult, daring and desperate enterprise, not only useless, but recklessly wild, under the common standard of judgment, worked in him like one possessed. At ten years of age he studied the weather, watched the moon, and carefully scanned the opportunities afforded by the night for scaling fences, clambering over the roof, and getting into the tree-tops, all round the square that was overlooked by his dormitory. Wherever a cat would go, he would; and escape from the sky-light, by way of the kitchen roof and thence to the trap-door to the yard, and thence abroad to enjoy an unwatched and unimpeded ramble, clambering and tumbling, afforded him a seriously high-toned delight. He took nobody into his confidence except his bed fellow; but this was voluntary and generous, for he was best upon training him for similar achievements. One instance will illustrate:

The back building was two stories high, the front three, and the houses which flanked the kitchen were, also, three stories. To relieve the draft of the kitchen chimney from the eddy of the buildings which embraced it, it was carried up like a shaft sixteen feet above the roof. There it stood at the gable-end, in provokingly tempting altitude, and the point that concerned our little hero was, how to get to the top of it?

How should he get to the top? "Bless me!" exclaims one considerate personage of correct habits and cautious judgments, "why should he?" Elisha would have answered him, "I must, and I wonder why I should not?" Very certainly there would have been two opinions on the matter. If the body had been consulted. But the little desperado needed no advice. The thing was to be done, and it was done. It required some engineering, but it was all the better for that. It is not mere muscle and hardihood that will carry a man to the North Pole. He must have some science and some tackling along with him; and the boy that is practicing upon a chimney-top for arctic service, must put his wits to work, quite as much as his muscles and his courage. He made his observations and his calculations,—his determination was long

made. The preparations were perfected, and his younger brother was taken into the enterprise.

When all in the house were asleep, and the stars gave light enough to guide, and none to expose the performance, with prevention and punishment among the chances, the two little fellows left their bed, and descended the roof of the front building till they dropped themselves upon the roof of the kitchen. Here the clothes-line, providently stretched away during the day for the purpose, was lying ready in coil, with a stone securely tied at one end.

"What is the stone for, Elisha?" "Why, you see, Tom, the stone is a dipsey. I call it a dipsey, (a young science of exploration, and a nomenclature to match, already,) because I'm going to throw it into the fire, so that it will run down into the old furnace, carrying the line down with it, most too high for me. It is pretty near twenty feet, I should think, but I'll do it."

Failures to reach the height, then failures to direct the dip of the falling stone, followed in long succession; but this gave practice, and practice makes perfect. At last one throw more lucky than the rest, and the line announced success. Down through the trap-door went Elisha, and, after securing the end at the furnace, he ascended to the roof again, and was ready. But stop a little,—the chimney is a very narrow stack; it stands outside of the gable, and there is a chance that the climber may swing out and get forty or fifty feet of clear air between him and the pavement below.

He was careful for this; and, as the line instructed and planted firmly, with the slack of the rope in hand, to keep Elisha on the right side of the chimney, so that if the bricks on the edge give way and a tumble betide, he may come down all safe and nice upon the roof. All these arrangements made and the contingencies so well provided for, the rope is seized, the feet planted against the chimney, and hand over head, up goes the aspirant, till the top is within reach; but the perch is not so easily attained, even when the full height of the stack is mastered. One hand on a top brick to draw himself up by it, and it yields in its loosened bed! That won't do. With a hard strain he gets his elbow over the edge, and so much of the doubled arm within for a good broad hold, and then daintily and carefully wriggles the little body, he is up, seated on the top!

"Oh, Tom, what a nice place this is! I'll get down into the fire to my waist, and pull you up, too. Just make a loop in the rope, and I'll haul you in. Don't be afraid,—it is so grand up here!" But the strength was not quite equal to the will; and Tom's chance had to be surrendered. The descent was about as dangerous, tho' not quite as difficult as the ascent. And then all that remained was to hide the tracks, which required another descent to the basement, a thorough washing of the rope to remove the soot of the chimney; and, as the business of the night was done, to bed in the roof and skylight again; and a bright, happy consciousness on awaking in the morning that he had done it.

His child history is full of this sort of incidents. Through them all runs the character of physical hardihood, and steady endeavor for doing everything, that seemed difficult of accomplishment, without other aim, or any aim at all beyond the mere doing.

### A True Story of the Hard Times.

If a country clergyman's daughter is at all loveable, she is generally the pet of the parish. Anna Irwin was pre-eminently so. Old and young looked upon her with affection as Sunday after Sunday she glided, in her timid, graceful beauty, into the rectory pew, and her father might be pardoned if, even from the chancel, his eye sought her loved form. For sixteen years she read and studied, sung and laughed, surrounded by fond, admiring hearts. But when she was a day when Dr. Irwin preached his last sermon, and laid his head down in the old church-yard, Anna went away to New York. It is needless to trace the progress of the changes, misfortunes, by which she sank, in four or five years, from a musician taking in sewing, and then working at last binding. When "the hard times" of this last fall fell upon the country, she could find nothing to do, and she had no money. Ruin had overtaken her few friends in the city. Weeks passed. She sold and pawned most of her clothing, and all other articles of any value. She was obliged to leave her small but respectable apartment, and sleep on a rag mattress in a fireless, bare garret, of the privilege. One fearful cold night she crept to the door, and found the night porter, foot-sore from a whole day's fruitless walking in search of employment. For five days she had not tasted food. She had only a scant, worn rug for covering. For hours her teeth chattered, and her limbs ached. She curled herself into every imaginable position in the vain effort to obtain a moment's warmth of her frame. And then she thought of her home, where each night she had been wrapped herself in thick, soft blankets, and lain in warm, dreamless rest till morning dawn. She thought of her father's good-night kiss and blessing. She slept at last, for she was utterly exhausted, waking to find herself five minutes, tortured by hideous nightmares of food turning to stone, ice in her grasp by grinning faces; and never for one instant losing the pain of cold.

In the morning she saw a girl, who, with her old mother, had slept, if sleep it could be called, in the same room, preparing to go out begging for cold victuals. Two little girls who lived in the opposite garret, also issued forth, and Anna, despairingly, and nearly wild with hunger and cold, went out after them. She soon found herself in a street where every surrounding showed wealth and luxury. She thought of the more respectable mode of begging, to ring at the front door, and asking for one of the family, tell her story. But her pride shrank from that, even more than from ditting down the back steps. And this at length she did.

"I haven't anything," said the servant, who answered her knock.

"Want you let me warm myself by the fire?" whispered Anna.

"I guess not," said the girl. "The lady don't like such people about the kitchen," and she shut the door in her face.

She could have lain down and died on the cold door-stone—willingly. After two

or three gasps, she stumbled up the steps, rolled her frost-bitten fingers in her thin de Bage cape, and went on down through the broad Avenue, till the night of man and of red-may, he forgave her!—shrieking in her heart. The long rows of costly houses, the her like fortifications reared by hard, triumphant selfishness, to keep her and such as her from sharing in common comforts, defended by cruel, unerring weapons. O! what pitiless tyrants seemed human law, human society! Her feet were numb, but they carried her on over the ice-cold pavement like one in a dream, sensible only to the biting tooth of cold, and the raging of the hunger pangs. Down a broad street, a little below her, came a young lady, muffled in furs to her rosy cheeks. She paused suddenly with a look of compassion.

"You seem very poor. Can't I do something for you?"

"I am hungry, I am cold," said Anna. "Cold! I should think you would be," said the young lady, shuddering.

"For pity's sake, Harriet," struck in a gentleman, who had opened the door and come out immediately after her, "don't stand to talk to that girl. You'll catch your death. Here, I'll give her these, and do you come along. You'll have to walk fast to keep warm this bitter morning."

He held out two three-cent pieces. They slipped from his thickly gloved fingers, and he left Anna to pick them up. Before she had succeeded in doing so he was out of sight, with the young lady pressed close to his side. Anna ran to the nearest baker's, and bought a loaf of bread. "You can't stay here to eat it, girl," said the bakeress, and she carried her to the well-warmed rectory, turned the corner into the Avenue, and stood on a stoop. The bread was hot, and after filling her mouth, she plunged both hands into the middle of the smoking loaf, she pressed it to her freezing bosom.

"Come, young woman," said a policeman, taking her by the shoulder, "these are fine tattered skins. Don't you know you mustn't sit here?"

"The stretched girl rose and tottered away, completely overcome. Surely she had reached the depth of degradation, she had been 'moved on' by a policeman.

The gentleman and the young lady reappeared. "There's that girl hanging about here yet," Anna heard him say.

"O! father," replied the young lady, "she is eating a loaf of bread that she bought with the change you gave her. Well, let her go home, and eat it properly. She's not starving now, certainly," said he.

Home! The plate-glass doors of her house had only just closed after them, when Anna stepped upon the pavement a lady's watch, dropped, doubtless, by the bright, rich girl who never just disappeared. She raised it, and held it a moment in her hand. Withered, that small emerald thing was hid food, warmth, clothing, shelter. What wonder if her eyes lingered upon it, and her brain grew dizzy with temptation. Let us not attempt to estimate that conflict, we who have never shivered homeless and hopeless, by outside of a moment in her hand. Anna had taken a step to restore the watch, when out bustled the little gentleman.

"Here, police, police, my daughter has lost her watch, stolen, I think likely, by a girl who—Oh! here she is, behind this post."

The watch was in Anna's hand. "Very fortunate!" said Mr. Miller. "But how hardened, as well as adroit, you must be, to steal from one who stopped to give you a kind word!"

"Believe me," implored Anna, "I did not steal it. The lady dropped it."

"Nonsense! It would have been shivered in a thousand pieces. You'd do much better to confess it."

"Nonsense!" said the policeman, "not a quarter of an hour ago, and told her to be off, but she knew what she wanted to be at too well for that."

"O! be merciful!" shrieked Anna, wildly, "I am innocent. I can get no work. I am starving. I am perishing with cold—I will not even let me warm myself by any of your fires."

"Come along without any fuss, young woman," said the officer.

Anna looked from one harsh brow to another. All light, all hope went out of her heart. Her hands and her head dropped, and the officer half-carried her to the station-house. She fainted away when she arrived there, and they laid her on a cold, occupied as they are by such a continual succession of dirty, noisome outcasts. There she, the child of a clergyman, educated, refined, spent the day and night along with the vicious, the debased, the intoxicated. The next morning she was marched into the police-court with the crowd of wretches.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

She could not give the honorable name of her dead father. "Mary Jones," a blush for the falsehood dying her cheeks.

"It's astonishing what a number of Mary Joneses we see here," said the judge.

"Well, Mary, what have you to say to this charge?"

"I found the watch on the side-walk, sir," answered Anna, stoutly.

"Found it? O! that's the old story." But her words were corroborated by two boys, who had seen her take something from the pavement, and Mr. Miller declined to prosecute the charge, so the conclusion of the judge was, "You may go." It seemed a matter of indifference to her, so uttering broken down was she. They helped her to leave the court, and her face a look of pity he said, "My poor girl, I should like to do something for you. What is it that you want?"

"I want to be kept from losing the next world as I have lost this."

"Here, go to my house and ask for my daughter, she is giving her card to her."

mind and body, and she was now fairly delicious. When Mr. Miller came home, he sent for a carriage, and had her taken to the hospital. There, two days after, she died.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

### Now and To-Day.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Our to-day's—how inadequately are they appreciated! Now—in which all the blessings of life are alone included—with what strange indifference do we turn from their rich offerings, to feast our eyes on gardens of delight, that spread away, temptingly, in a future that forever mists us with the unattainable! There are pearls and diamonds scattered all along the paths we are treading, but we cannot stop to gather them for looking at the mountains of gold that gleam against the far horizon. All of our unexpensive springs from neglected or mispent hours and to-day's. The present moment is God's loving gift to man. In it we weave the web of our future, and make its threads bright with sunshine, or dark with evil and suffering.

"Come and kiss me, papa," cried a voice full of music and love.

But papa was in the passage below, with coat and gloves on, all ready to go forth to the day's business, and little pet Louis was up in his mother's chamber, only half dressed.

"Hav't time now, I'll kiss you when I come home," papa answered back, and then started from the house in a hurried manner.

At the corner of the next street, Mr. Edwards waited four minutes for an omnibus. It was lost time. Four minutes spent with dear pet Louis, how full of pleasure they would have been—how fragrant their memory through all this day!

When Mr. Edwards arrived at his store, neither his morning newspaper nor his book-keeper was there. So, he could neither get his books, which were in the fire-proof safe, nor his keys, which were in the commercial bank or state of the markets. No customers were in at so early an hour; and so Mr. Edwards passed the next twenty minutes in comparative idleness, his mind burdened just enough to make him feel uncomfortable, with the thought of little Louis quivering over the coveted parting kiss.

At the end of twenty minutes, the book-keeper arrived. The honey of Louis' parting kiss would have sweetened the temper of Mr. Edwards for the day. Without it, under slight annoyances, his spirit grew sour. He spoke to the book-keeper with slight impatience, and in words of reproach; and as he looked into his clerk's face, he saw that it was pale with trouble and watching.

Mr. Edwards sighed. The pressure on his feelings was heavier. Everything, during that day, seemed to possess a strange power of annoyance; and to the failure to lift a pearl from his feet in the morning, was added many failures of a like character.

"Will you please to buy an almanac?" said a childish voice near him.

"No, I do not please," was the gruff reply of Mr. Edwards. He spoke as he looked up, on the moment's impulse. The timid, half-frightened face of a tender child, scarcely a year older than his darling at home, glanced upon him as he passed, and he saw only the retreating form of a little girl. Before his better feelings prompted a recall of his repellent words, she was in the street.

This was a little thing in itself, but it told sharply on the feelings of Mr. Edwards, who was naturally a kind-hearted man. He sat very still for a little while, then, sighing again, went on with the letter he was writing when the little almanac-seller disturbed him at his work. Another "now" had passed, leaving a shadow instead of the sunshine it might have bestowed.

"Can you help me to-day? I have a large note falling due."

"I cannot," replied Mr. Edwards.

The neighbor looked disappointed, and went away.

Now that neighbor had many times obliged Mr. Edwards in a similar way. Our merchant had no balance over in bank.

That may be said for him. But he had money out on call, and could, without inconvenience, have helped his neighbor. He remembered this after it was too late. The "now" had passed again, and left upon his memory another burden of a like character.

And so the hours of that day passed, each one leaving some "now" unimproved—some blessing untouched; and when, at a later hour than usual, Mr. Edwards turned his steps homeward, he felt as if he had lost instead of gained a day.

Dear Louis! Away, faster than his feet could carry him, went the heart of Mr. Edwards towards his darling boy. Somehow, the father's imagination would present no other image of the child, except one that showed him in grief for the kiss denied that morning.

"Where is Louis?" were the first words spoken by Mr. Edwards, as he entered the room where his wife was sitting. It was at least an hour after nightfall.

"In bed and asleep," was the answer.

At another time this answer would have produced no unpleasant feelings; now it was felt almost like a painful shock.

Mr. Edwards went to the chamber where Louis lay in his little bed. The gas was burning low; he turned it up, so that the light would fall upon his face. How beautiful it was in its childish innocence! How beautiful! And yet the father's eyes saw, looking as they did through the medium of a troubled state, a touch of grief upon the lips, and a shade of rebuking sadness on the brow of his darling.

"Precious one!" he said, as he bent to kiss the pure forehead, "I wronged both your heart and mine."

It seemed to him, after the kiss and confession, that the deeper's face took on a more peaceful, loving aspect. For many minutes he stood gazing upon his unconscious boy; then murmuring to himself—"It shall not be so again, sweet one!"—lowered the gas to a taper flame, and went with noiseless footsteps from the room.

For the gain of half a minute to business, in the morning, what a loss had there been to love, and peace, and comfort for the space of hours. Let us take care of our nows, and our to-day's; for herein lies the true secret of happiness, and the true philosophy of life.

### The New Liquor Law.

AN ACT for the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

SECTION 1. No person shall be allowed, at any time, to sell, by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, directly or indirectly, any intoxicating liquors, except as hereafter provided.

SECTION 2. No person shall manufacture any intoxicating liquor, for unlawful sale.—Any manufacturer of intoxicating liquors shall be allowed to sell intoxicating liquors manufactured by him within this State, to municipal officers authorized by this act to purchase the same; provided he shall first give a bond in the sum of five thousand dollars, with good and sufficient sureties, resident in this State, payable to the treasurer of the city or town, within which the manufactory shall be established, or his successors, and shall file the same with such treasurer, and to the satisfaction of the board of the aldermen of such city, or the selectmen of such town, conditioned that he will not sell any intoxicating liquors except of his own manufacture; that he will not by himself or another, in any mode adulterate such liquors, either by coloring matter, or any other color or ingredient; nor mix the same with other liquor of a different kind or quality, nor with liquor of any kind not manufactured by himself, nor with water that has been used in vessels containing liquors sold by him shall at the time of sale be plainly and conspicuously marked with the name of the manufacturer, the place of manufacture, and the name, quality and strength of the liquor; that he will not sell any intoxicating liquors in quantities less than thirty gallons delivered in a single vessel, and carried away at one time, and that he will not sell any intoxicating liquors to any person except to such persons as are authorized by this act to purchase the same.

SECTION 3. Any person who shall sell within this State any intoxicating liquors manufactured by him within this State, without first giving the bond provided in the preceding section, shall be punished by imprisonment not more than six months in the county jail, and by a fine of one thousand dollars; and if any person who has given such bond, shall commit any breach of the conditions thereof, it shall be the duty of the aldermen and selectmen, respectively, of the city or town within which such manufactory shall be established, to cause the same to be put in suit and prosecuted to final judgment and satisfaction.

SECTION 4. The provisions of this act respecting the sale of intoxicating liquors shall not extend to the manufacturer of cider or of wine made from fruit grown within this State, and the sale thereof by the manufacturer, nor to the sale by agents appointed under this act of pure wine for sacramental use.

SECTION 5. The selectmen of any town, and mayor and aldermen of any city, shall immediately after this act shall go into effect, and on the first Monday of May annually thereafter, or as soon thereafter as may be convenient, purchase such quantity of intoxicating liquors as the agent of the town or city, shall have the right to sell, and shall appoint some suitable person, as the agent of said town or city, to sell the same at some convenient place within said town or city, to be used for medicinal, mechanical and manufacturing purposes, and no other; and such agent shall receive such compensation for his services as may be determined by the town or city, and shall conform to such regulations, not inconsistent with this act, as the board appointing him shall prescribe, and he shall hold his situation one year, unless sooner removed by them or their successors in office. Vacancies occurring during the











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